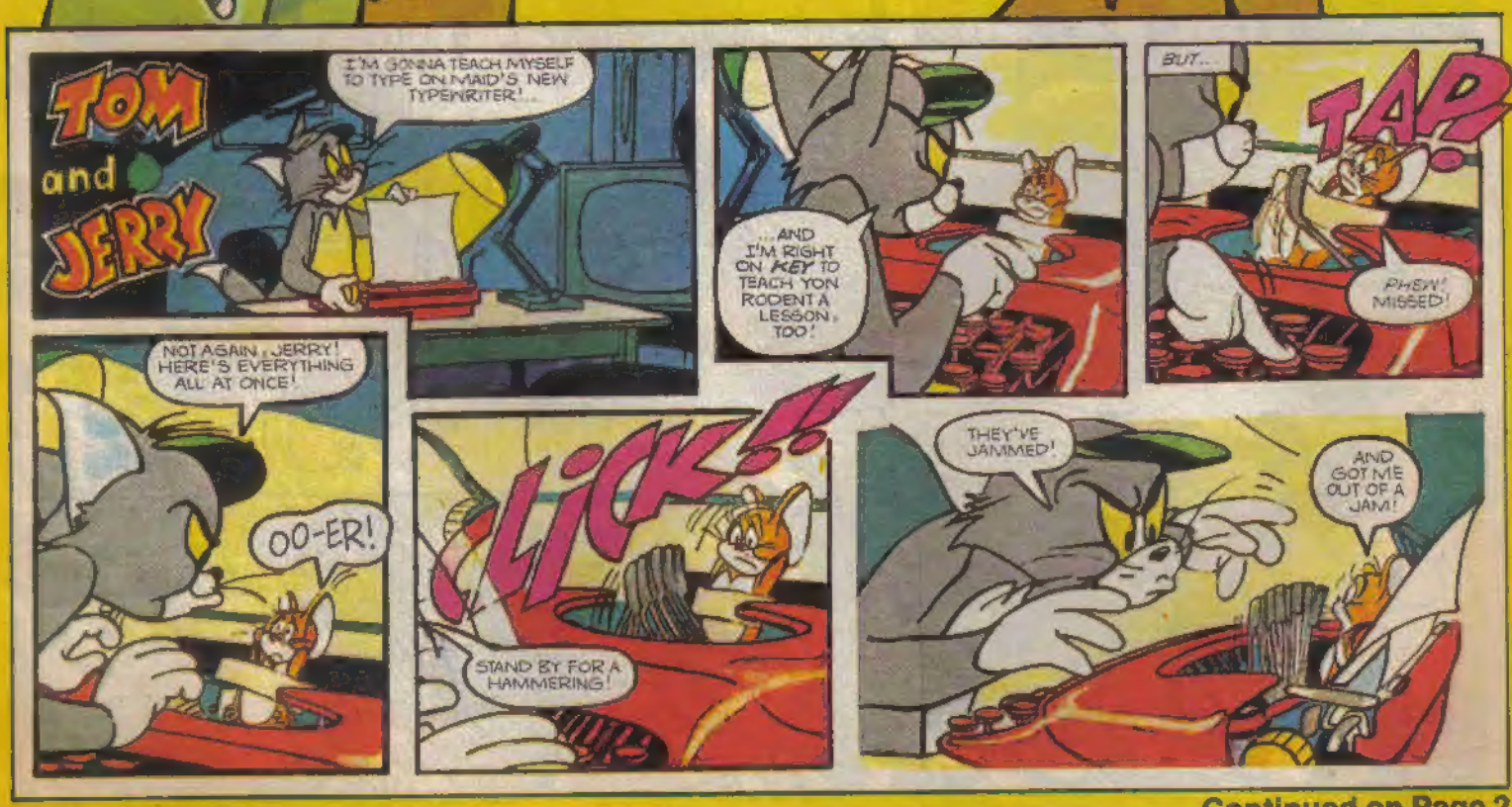
STARTS INSIDE!

New G-Force Adventure!

15p.

TV COMIC

Number 1551
Every Friday 11th September 1981


TOM and JERRY
I'M GONNA TEACH MYSELF TO TYPE ON MAID'S NEW TYPEWRITER!..
...AND I'M RIGHT ON KEY TO TEACH YON RODENT A LESSON, TOO!
BUT...
TAP
PHEW! MISSED!
NOT AGAIN, JERRY! HERE'S EVERYTHING ALL AT ONCE!
OO-ER!
LICK!!
STAND BY FOR A HAMMERING!
THEY'VE JAMMED!
AND GOT ME OUT OF A JAM!

Continued on Page 2

THEN...
GRR! I'LL JUST FREE THESE KEYS!
A FRACTION CLOSER AND I'LL GIVE THAT TATTY-CAT SOMETHING FOR FREE, TOO...
...OR SHOULD I SAY SOMETHING TO GET HIS TEETH INTO, LIKE I AM?
NIP!
RECKON I PULLED A FAST ONE—AND TOM'S PULLED ME CLEAR!
NEEARGH!
NNNNGH!
KERTHUNK!
GUESS I'VE REALLY GOT THE DROP ON THAT TATTY CAT NOW! SNIGGER!
THINK YOU'RE SMART, EH, RODENT? THIS IDEA OF MINE'LL JUST BOWL YOU OVER! HEH! HEH!
ROLL!
ERK!
RUMBLE!
OOOPH!
...OR SHOULD I SAY SWEEP YOU OFF YOUR FEET!
IT'S TIME I DID SOME TYPING... WHAT...?
M-MAID! LOOK OUT...!
TOM'LL HAVE TO NOW!
FLIP!
SHRIEK!!
THAT WAS TOM'S FAULT! HE'S THE ONE WHO'S PUT HIS FOOT IN IT!
G-GULP! I C-CAN EXPLAIN, M-MAID...
GOSH! MAID'S SPEECHLESS WITH RAGE...
SO...
TEN-THOUSAND LINES SHOULD TEACH YOU A LESSON, TOM!
SIGH!
SNIGGER! TOM LOOKS LOST FOR WORDS NOW—BUT HE'S LEARNING THE HARD WAY, HE HAS TO TOW THE LINE. TEE-HEE-HEE!

Copyright © 1981 by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc., Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

BASIL BRUSH

COR! I MUST TRY TO GRAB THAT MINIATURE CAMERA, CHUMMERS!

FUN

YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE, GUV!

YOU KNOW ME WHEN I'M DETERMINED!

BUT...

GUV, YOU'RE SPENDING A FORTUNE AND ALL YOU'VE GOT IS A PAIR OF SHOE-LACES AND THREE TOFFEES!

I MUST HAVE THAT CAMERA!

HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR THAT MACHINE?

WELL, ER...

SO...

I'VE BOUGHT THE BLOOMIN' THING, CHUMMERS!

BUT 'OW ARE YOU GOIN' TO MOVE IT TO GET THE CAMERA OUT!

LEAVE THAT TO ME! I HAVE ANOTHER BRIGHT IDEA!

RUMBLE-RUMBLE!

FUNLA

RIP!

THERE! I TOLD YOU I'D GET THE CAMERA! LET ME TAKE YOUR PICTURE!

GLUG!

SQUIRT!

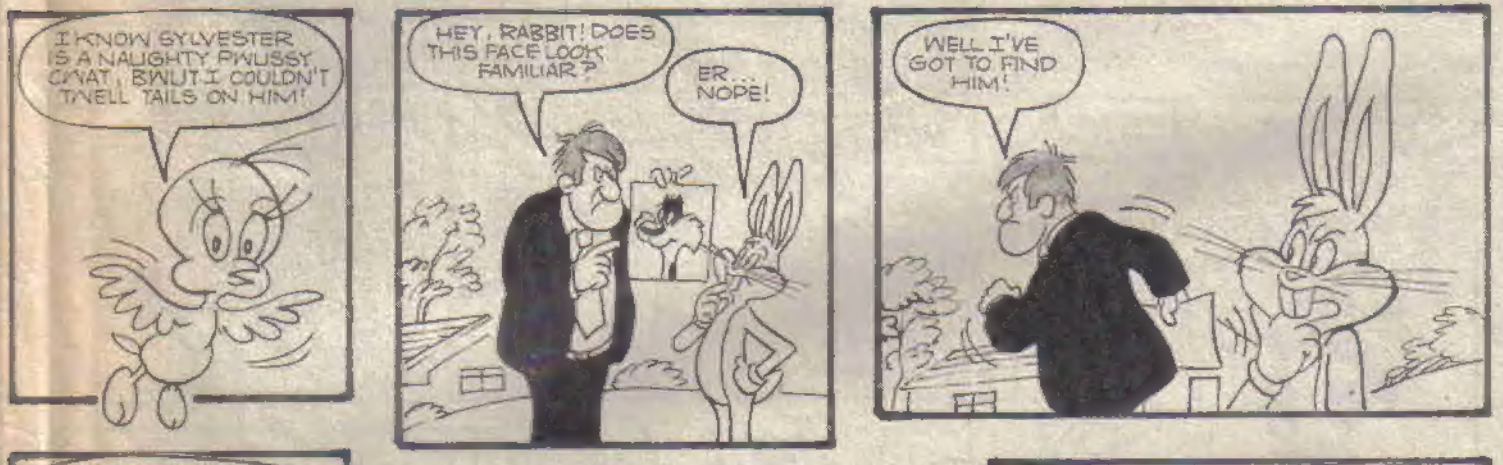
GRR! JUST WAIT 'TIL I GRAB YOU!

HOW WAS I TO KNOW IT WAS A TRICK CAMERA?

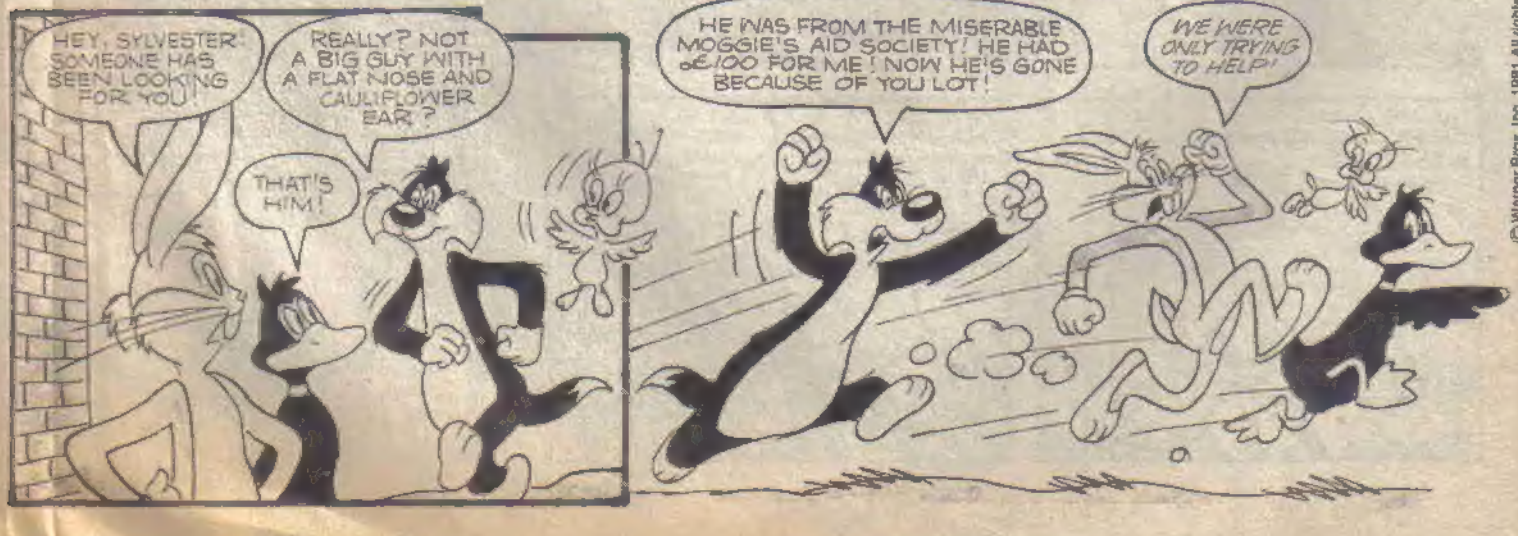
BARNEY BEAR

Copyright © 1961 by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc., Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

The BUGS BUNNY show

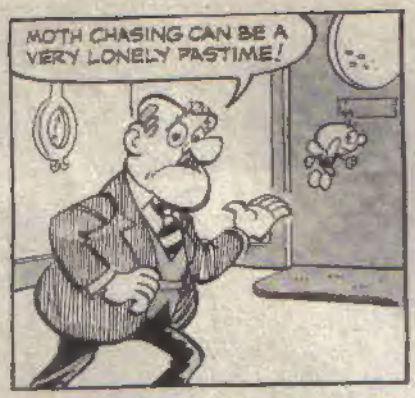

I KNOW SYLVESTER IS A NAUGHTY PWUSSY CWAT, BWUT I COULDN'T TWELL TAILS ON HIM!
HEY, RABBIT! DOES THIS FACE LOOK FAMILIAR?
ER... NOPE!
WELL I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

WHAT ABOUT YOU, DUCK? DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND THIS CAT?
SORRY! NO IDEA!
I GIVE UP!
I WONDER WHAT THAT TOUGH GUY WANTED SYLVESTER FOR?
I WECKON WE'VE SAVED HIS BWACON!
HERE HE COMES NOW!


HEY, SYLVESTER! SOMEONE HAS BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!
REALLY? NOT A BIG GUY WITH A FLAT NOSE AND CAULIFLOWER EAR?
THAT'S HIM!
HE WAS FROM THE MISERABLE MOGGIE'S AID SOCIETY! HE HAD £100 FOR ME! NOW HE'S GONE BECAUSE OF YOU LOT!
WE WERE ONLY TRYING TO HELP!

© Warner Bros. Inc. 1981 All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company Inc. Wisconsin, USA

MIGHTY MOTH

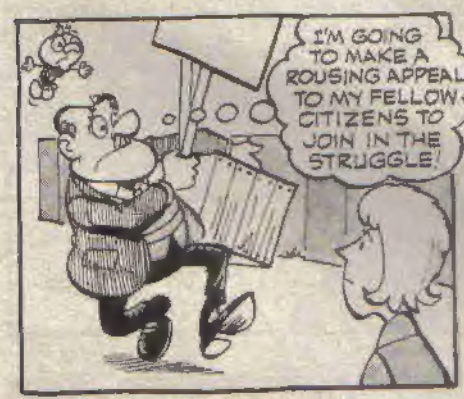

MOTH CHASING CAN BE A VERY LONELY PASTIME!

"OUT ALONE ON DARK, COLD NIGHTS..."

"SOLITARY CHASES DOWN QUIET COUNTRY LANES..."

WHY SHOULD I CARRY ON THE BATTLE ALONE?

IT'S ABOUT TIME OTHERS JOINED ME IN MAN'S BATTLE AGAINST THE MOTH!
WHAT'S HE UP TO THIS TIME?

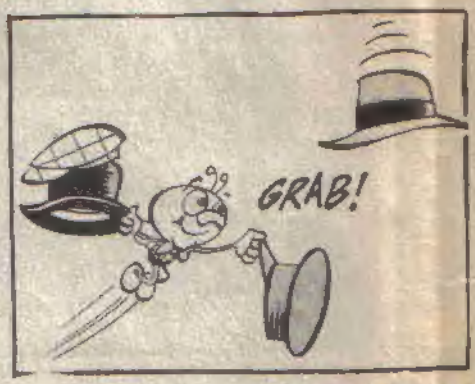

I'M GOING TO MAKE A ROUSING APPEAL TO MY FELLOW CITIZENS TO JOIN IN THE STRUGGLE!

UNITE AGAINST THE MOTH!
FRIENDS, THE FIGHT IS ON AGAINST OUR ARCH-ENEMY — THE MOTH!

NO LONGER WILL WE STAND BY WHILE OUR TROUSERS ARE CHEWED, OUR JACKETS GNAWED, OUR SHIRTS SHREDDED!

THE BATTLE MAY BE LONG AND FULL OF DANGER, BUT VICTORY CAN BE OURS! LET'S START BY RIDDING OURSELVES OF THIS MOTH!

WHAT A GREAT SPEECH!
HOORAY!
WE'LL JOIN YOU!


GRAB!

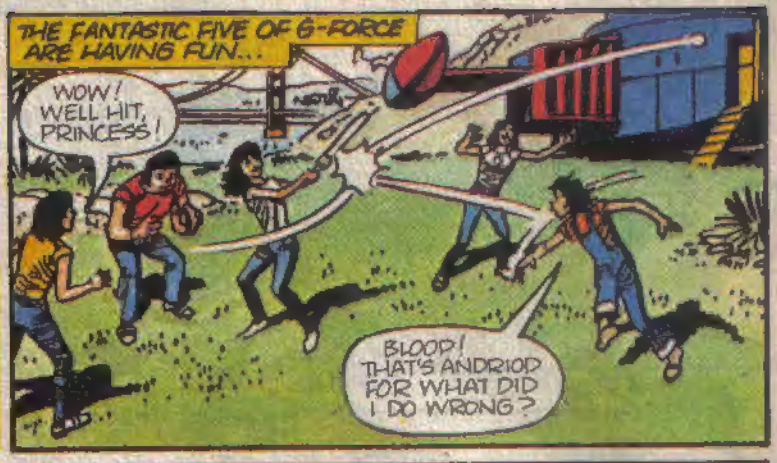
THANKS, CHAPS. THESE'LL MAKE A TASTY TEA!

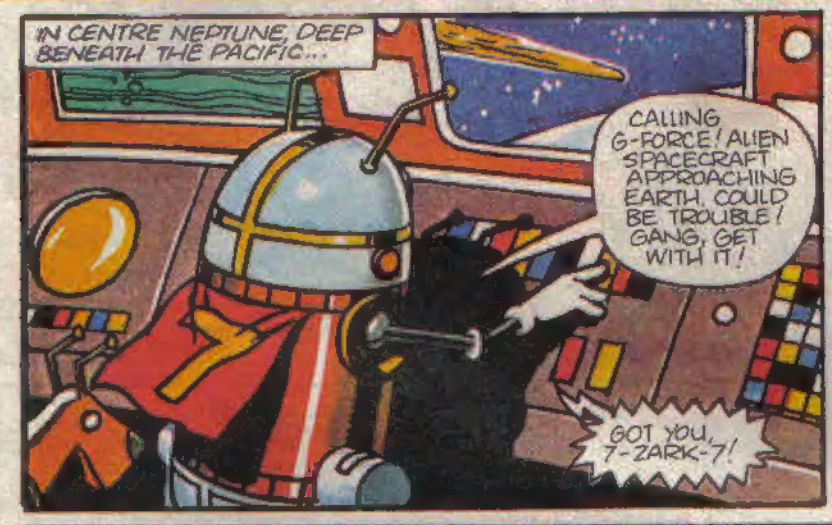
WE'VE LOST OUR HATS!
IT'S HIS FAULT!
LET'S GET HIM!

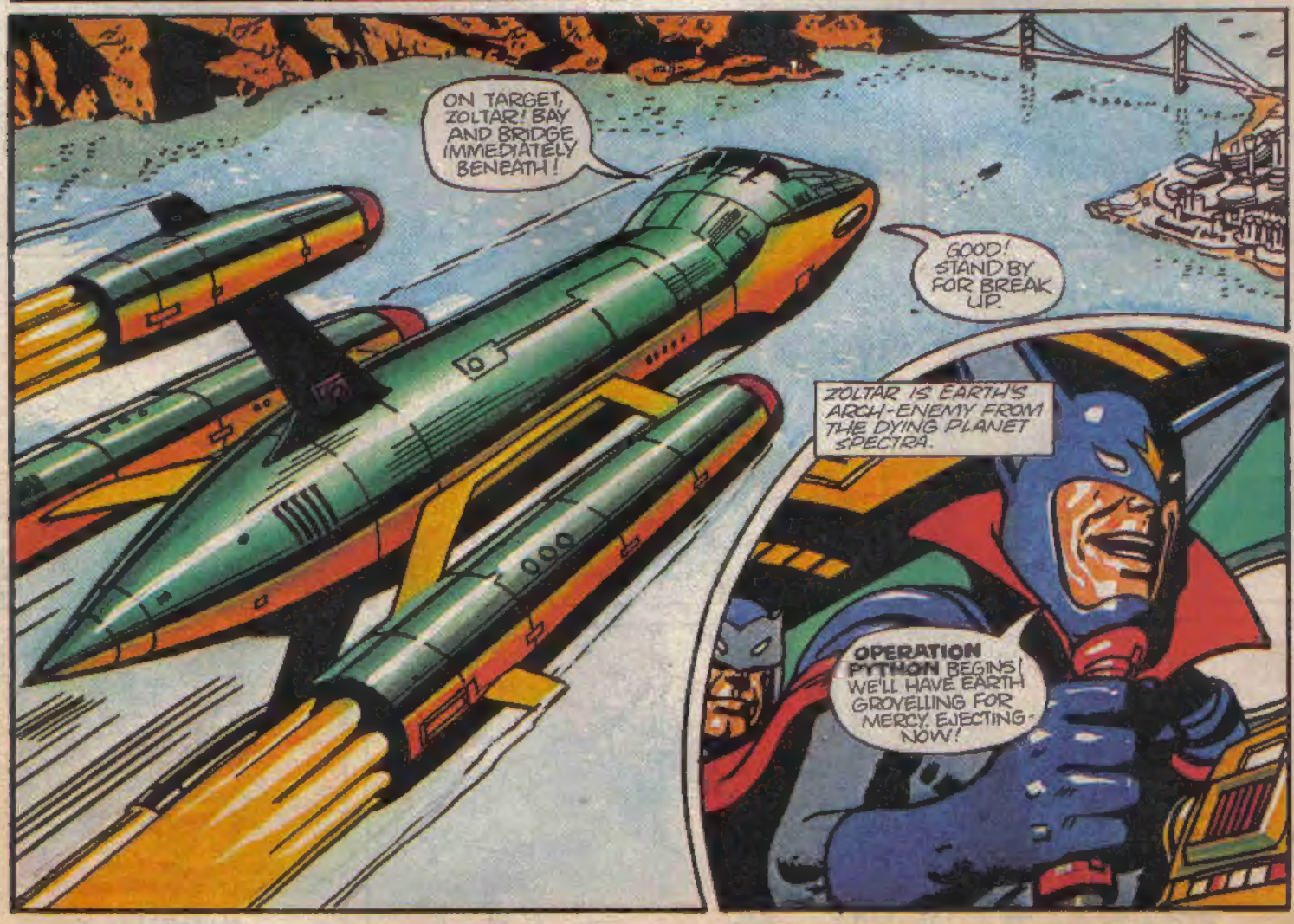
YOU HAVE TO TAKE YOUR HAT OFF TO DAD! HE DOES TRY! MUNCH-MUNCH!

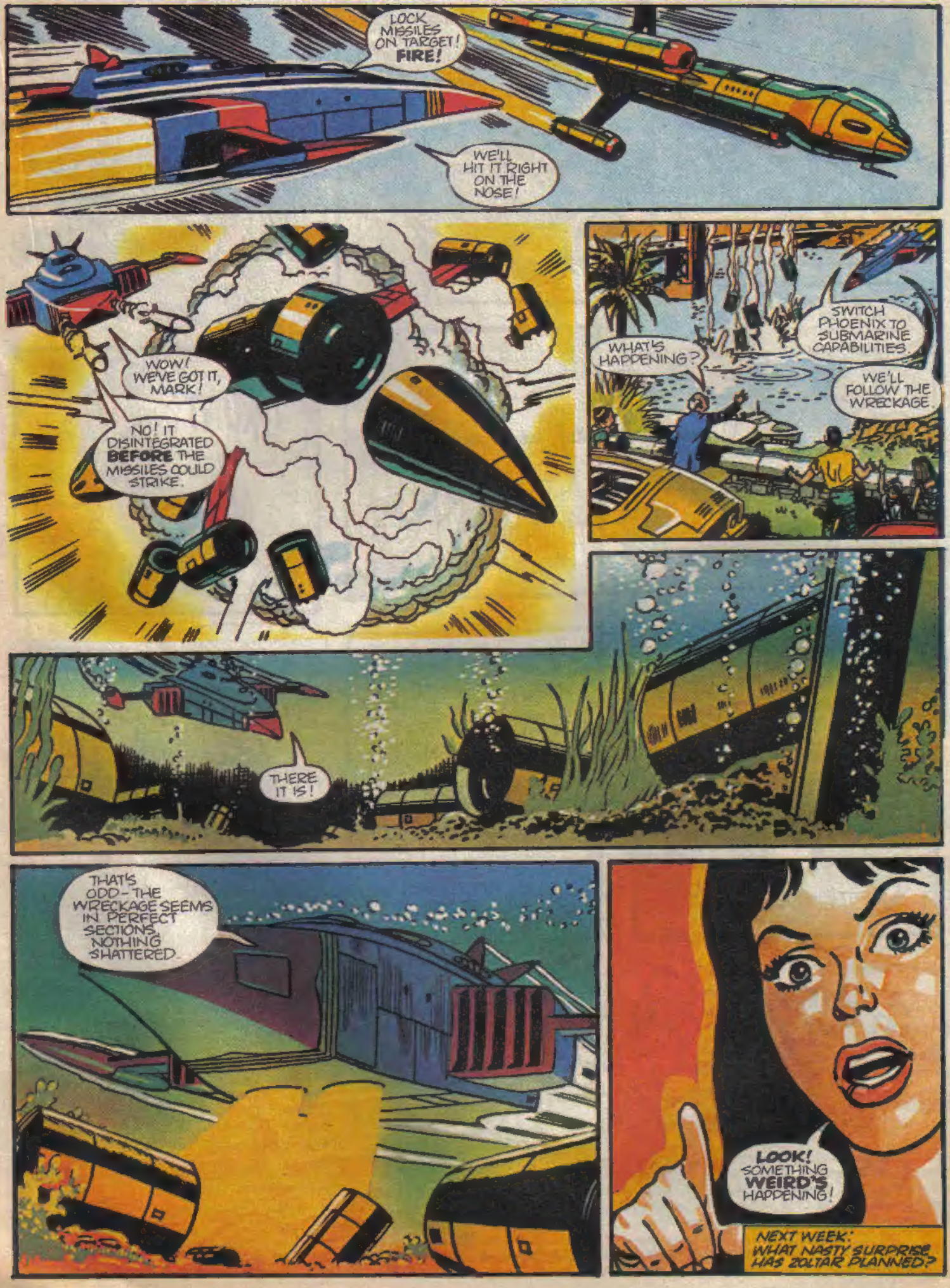
THE PINK PANTHER
PINK PANTHER MASTER BAKER
CAN I HELP YOU, SIR?
YES, I'M TO BE MARRIED ON SATURDAY, AND I WANT TO ORDER A GIANT WEDDING CAKE!
I LIKE DOING THINGS IN A BIG WAY. IT MUST BE AT LEAST EIGHT FEET HIGH.
CERTAINLY, SIR. I'LL DELIVER IT ON FRIDAY!
SO...
PHEW! THIS IS HARD WORK!
FLOUR
IT'S FINISHED! ALL I HAVE TO DO NOW IS PUT THE DECORATION ON TOP!
WOBBLE
YA!
TOPPLE
OH, WELL. I'D BETTER CLEAN UP AND START AGAIN!
FRED TROWEL BUILDER
CAN I BORROW SOME SCAFFOLDING, FRED?
SURE, PINK PANTHER.
SO...
NO TROUBLE PUTTING THE DECORATION ON THIS TIME!
FRIDAY...
LOOK, DEAREST OUR WEDDING CAKE!
OH! I'D PREFER A SMALL ONE!
BUT YOU KNOW I LIKE DOING THINGS IN A BIG WAY, MY PET!
THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU SMALL MEN!
?
WELL IF YOU DON'T LIKE SMALL MEN, WHY MARRY ME?
WHY, INDEED? WHO WANTS TO MARRY A BIG-HEAD LIKE YOU, ANYWAY?
RIGHT THEN! THE WEDDING'S OFF!
THAT'S OKAY BY ME!
ER... WHAT ABOUT THE CAKE?
KEEP IT!
SPLAT!
I ALWAYS DO THINGS IN A BIG WAY MYSELF — I ALWAYS MAKE BIG MISTAKES.
© UAC — Geoffrey 1981

BATTLE OF THE PLANETS




IN CENTRE NEPTUNE, DEEP BENEATH THE PACIFIC...
CALLING G-FORCE! ALIEN SPACECRAFT APPROACHING EARTH. COULD BE TROUBLE! GANG, GET WITH IT!
GOT YOU, 7-ZARK-7!


ON TARGET, ZOLTAR! BAY AND BRIDGE IMMEDIATELY BENEATH!
GOOD! STAND BY FOR BREAK UP.
ZOLTAR IS EARTH'S ARCH-ENEMY FROM THE DYING PLANET SPECTRA.
OPERATION PYTHON BEGINS! WE'LL HAVE EARTH GROVELLING FOR MERCY. EJECTING-NOW!


LOCK MISSILES ON TARGET! FIRE!
WE'LL HIT IT RIGHT ON THE NOSE!
WOW! WE'VE GOT IT, MARK!
NO! IT DISINTEGRATED BEFORE THE MISSILES COULD STRIKE.
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
SWITCH PHOENIX TO SUBMARINE CAPABILITIES.
WE'LL FOLLOW THE WRECKAGE.
THERE IT IS!
THAT'S ODD - THE WRECKAGE SEEMS IN PERFECT SECTIONS. NOTHING SHATTERED.
LOOK! SOMETHING WEIRD'S HAPPENING!
NEXT WEEK: WHAT NASTY SURPRISE HAS ZOLTAR PLANNED?
© 1981 Sandy Frank Film Syndication Inc.

The BISTO KIDS
OOF! UGH!
NO – IT'S TOO MUCH WEIGHT FOR YOU!
I'LL TAKE A SMALL WEIGHT OFF EACH END FOR YOU!
HEY! HOW COME YOU CAN LIFT IT WHEN I CAN'T?
JUST BECAUSE I'M A GIRL DOESN'T MEAN I'M NOT STRONG!
GASP!
GRUNT!
NO! EVEN WITH LESS WEIGHT YOU CAN'T LIFT IT!
WE'LL PACK UP WEIGHT LIFTING NOW! WE HAVE SHOPPING TO DO!
LATER...
WELL DON'T JUST STAND THERE!
FANCY EXPECTING A LADY TO CARRY HEAVY BAGS!

© RHM Foods Ltd 1981

ADVERTISEMENT

Join the BISTO KIDS Club

Why not become a Bisto Kid yourself by joining our very own Club! You'll receive a super cotton T-shirt featuring us in full colour, a large colourful wall-chart for your bedroom, a special Club badge, membership card, Christmas card, plus 3 separate issues of our Club magazine—filled with news, exciting stories, lots of things to do, prizes to win, special offers and much more.

Annual membership costs £2.50, of which 25p goes into our Bisto Kids Charity Fund.

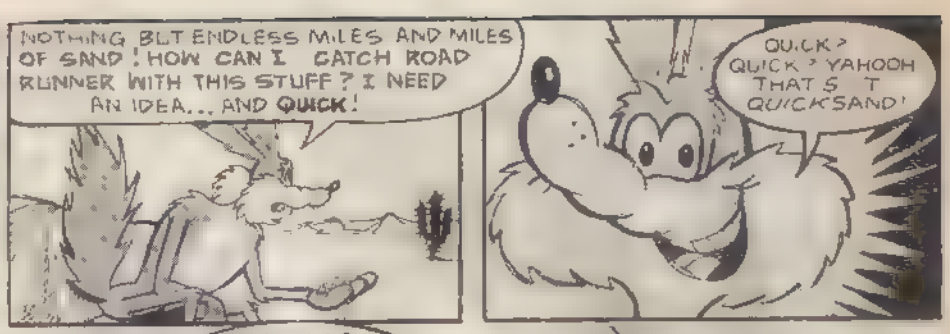
Just fill in the coupon and send it to:
Bisto Kids Club, 30 Farringdon Street, London EC4A 4EA

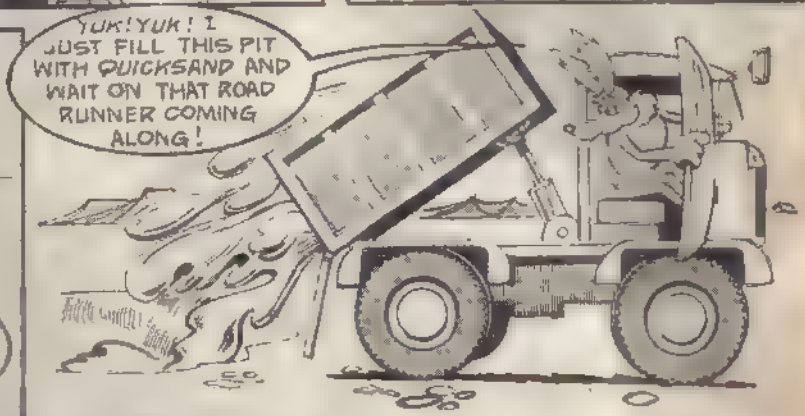
My name is:.....Boy/Girl*
Address:.....
.....
County:.....Postcode:.....
My date of birth is:.....
My chest size is 26/28/30/32 ins.*
I would like my son/daughter* to be a member of the Bisto Kids Club and enclose a cheque or postal order for £2.50 made payable to Bisto Kids Club.
Signature of parent/guardian*.....
Date:.....
*Please delete as applicable.

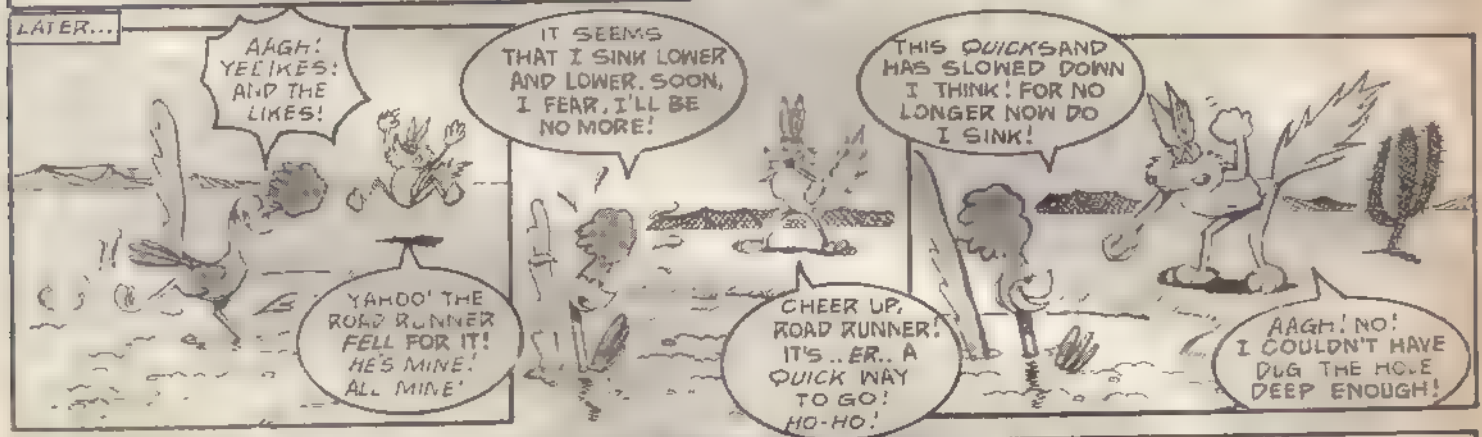
RHM Foods Ltd., Registered in England
Reg. No. 212842
Reg. Office: 10 Victoria Road, London NW10 6NV.

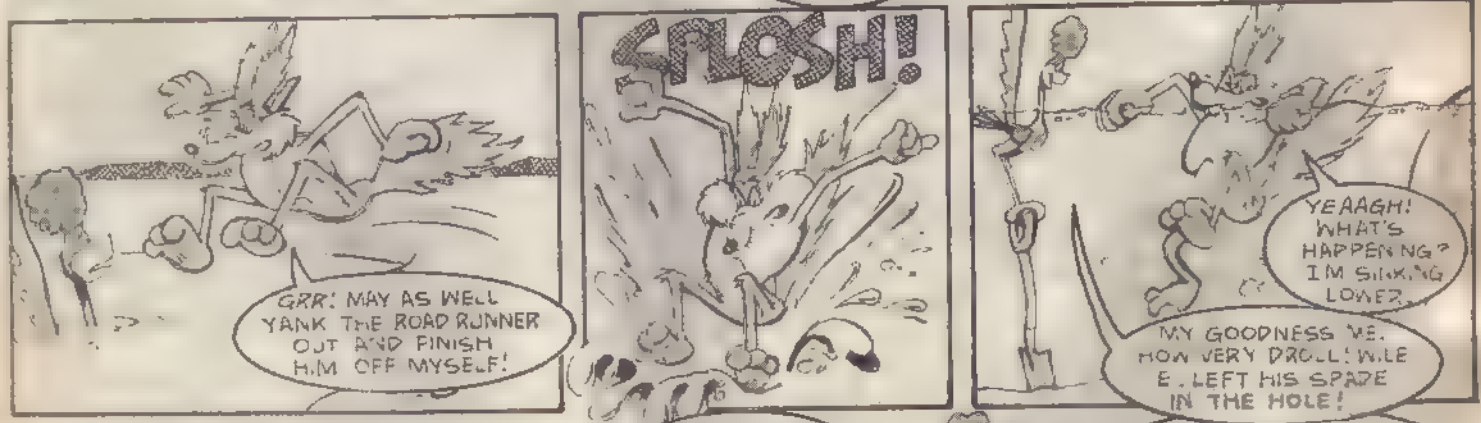
The Inspector
OVERSLEPT AGAIN! WHERE'S THE INSPECTOR? HE'S SUPPOSED TO WAKE ME WHILE MY ALARM CLOCK IS BEING FIXED!
ONE HOUR EARLIER
May the force be with you.
I MUST WAKE THE CHIEF
WILLIE WISP ANARCHIST
HE LOOKS JUST LIKE WILLIE WISP THE INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST!
JUST THE PERSON I NEED
ONE, TWO, THREE. YOU ARE BEGINNING TO FEEL SLEEPY. YOU WILL NOT WAKE UNTIL YOU HEAR A BIG BANG. REPEAT MY INSTRUCTIONS ..
PROCEED TO BIG BEN. PUT THIS ALARM CLOCK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLOCK TOWER
TICK! TICK! TICK
TEE-HEE! THERE'S A BOMB IN THAT CLOCK. SOON BIG BEN WILL BE BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS!
YOU FOOL! YOU'RE TOO LATE! GIVE ME THAT CLOCK!
SWIPE!
THE BOMB SHOULD GO OFF ANY MINUTE NOW!
BOOM!
JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU
WHAT HAPPENED, CHIEF?
WHO NEEDS A BOMB WITH POLICE LIKE THAT?
© LIAC—Geoffrey 1981

BEEP BEEP THE ROAD RUNNER


NOTHING BUT ENDLESS MILES AND MILES OF SAND! HOW CAN I CATCH ROAD RUNNER WITH THIS STUFF? I NEED AN IDEA... AND QUICK!
QUICK? QUICK? YAHOOH THAT'S IT QUICKSAND!




LATER...
AAGH! YEE IKES! AND THE LIKES!
IT SEEMS THAT I SINK LOWER AND LOWER. SOON, I FEAR, I'LL BE NO MORE!
THIS QUICKSAND HAS SLOWED DOWN I THINK! FOR NO LONGER NOW DO I SINK!
YAHOO! THE ROAD RUNNER FELL FOR IT! HE'S MINE! ALL MINE!
CHEER UP, ROAD RUNNER! IT'S..ER.. A QUICK WAY TO GO! HO-HO!
AAGH! NO! I COULDN'T HAVE DUG THE HOLE DEEP ENOUGH!


GRR! MAY AS WELL YANK THE ROAD RUNNER OUT AND FINISH HIM OFF MYSELF!
SPLOSH!
YEAAGH! WHAT'S HAPPENING? I'M SINKING LOWER.
MY GOODNESS ME. HOW VERY DROLL! WILE E. LEFT HIS SPADE IN THE HOLE!

CHO! CHO. AND OUT WE GO!
AAGH! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE! HELP!
HE'S A ROGUE, A RASCAL AND VAGABOND! BUT OF HIM I'M REALLY RATHER FOND!
GASP! GASP! REMIND ME NEVER TO TRY THAT GAG AGAIN!
YES, LIFE JUST WOULDN'T BE THE SAME WITH NONE OF WILE E.'S FUN AND GAMES! BEEP! BEEP!

© Warner Bros. Inc. 1981 All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company Inc. Wisconsin, USA

LETTERS and LAUGHS

£5 PRIZE FOR THE STAR LETTER PLUS £1 FOR EVERY OTHER ONE PUBLISHED!

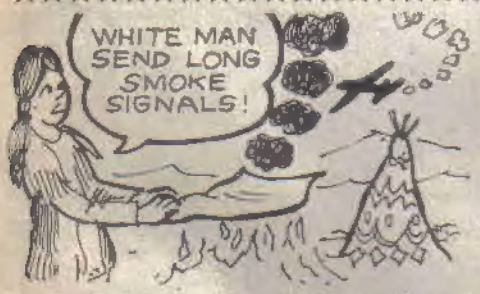
Send your letters, photographs, and jokes to: Letters and Laughs, TV Comic, P.O. Box 91, London W2 1EP.

LETTERS

Dear Editor,
Every year my uncle comes to my house, he always plays a trick on me. Last year he gave me a sweet that burned my mouth and I could not eat anything for the rest of the day. So this year when he came to my house I decided to play a trick on him. I bought myself a skeleton suit. That night I heard him go to bed and then I heard him snoring. I put the skeleton suit on and went into his room. I kicked the door so he would wake up. He woke up and gave the biggest yell you could imagine when he saw me! I quickly ran back into my bedroom and jumped into bed. My mother thought he was having a nightmare. I don't think he will play a trick on me again!

From Margaret Mulhern, Galway, Ireland.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆



From Sarah Perrin, Rainham, Kent.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Dear Editor,
One night I was asleep and suddenly I woke up. I looked out of the window and noticed something moving about which I thought was my rabbit. I ran downstairs and into the garden and found out it was one of my mother's cauliflowers!

From Jeremy Neech, London W5.

Was it eating the carrots?

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Dear Editor,
I want to tell you about the time when we went to Tunisia. My sister, Elizabeth said "We're not flying very high!" and we weren't even flying – we were on the runway turning a corner!

From Joanna Wainwright, W. Yorks.

★STAR LETTER

Dear Editor,
Yesterday my mum sent me down to the doctor's because I had a bad eye. Mum said, "Do you know where it is?" and I said, "Yes." (*To one side of my nose –Ed.*) She told me his name and I left. I reached the doctor's and went in and sat down in the waiting room. I sat there for half an hour then I noticed a sign saying Veterinary Clinic! So I came home and told my mum and we had a good laugh.

From Ralph Siddons, London S.E. 4.

You should have stayed – you would have had a cold wet nose and shining fur in no time at all!

LAUGHS

A woman who works in a sweet shop in Birmingham is 5ft tall. She wears size 10 shoes and her measurements are 42 – 26 – 48. What do you think she weighs?

Answer: Sweets!

From Angus Newhouse, who wishes his address to be withheld. *(After a joke like that I'm not surprised!)*

Two octopuses got married and walked down the aisle arm in arm,

in arm, in arm, in arm, in arm, in arm, in arm, in arm, in arm.

From Benjamin Basford, Birmingham.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Policeman: Madame, your dog has been chasing a man on a bicycle.
Woman: Nonsense! My dog can't ride a bicycle!

Q. Where do spiders play football?
A. Webley!

Man: I'll teach you to throw stones at my window!
Boy: That's good because I've missed three times already!

What has twelve legs, three tails, and can't see?
Answer: Three blind mice!

From Arif Hafejee, Preston, Lancs.

POPEYE'S SEA CHEST

Popeye's simple goodness is often pitted against bad. Bough tough Brutus is not so much bad as stupid. Popeye's number one 'enemy' is really the evil Sea Hag, the last true witch in the world. She is ever plotting against the nautical spinach eater. Her pet vulture, Bernard, is always there to give her immoral support.

Because witches are women, and Popeye's moral code does not allow him to sock the weaker gender, he has an uphill struggle in foiling the diabolical Sea Hag.

To his constant upset, the Sea Hag often decides to visit. This is because she has no friends, being the last witch on earth. Granny also gets annoyed. Her notorious cooking – which none of the household can stomach – is outshone by the Sea Hag's taste for lizards and gnats' eyes. On one occasion, attempting to persuade the Sea Hag to leave, Granny cooks her a special dinner of wallpaper paste, shredded floor tile, essence of book binding, and red peppers. The Sea Hag slurps it down and then asks for the recipe!

The Sea Hag lives on an island on the low seas. With her there dwells a cave monster and other vultures beside her pet, Bernard.

TV Comic with Target and TV Action is printed in Great Britain by Plymouth Web Offset Limited and published by Polystyle Publications Ltd., London W2 1EP. Trade Distributors Argus Distribution Ltd., 12/18 Paul Street, London EC2A 4JS. © Polystyle Publications Ltd., 1981.

TV TERRORS
CHEER UP, HOPPIT! YOU'LL MAKE EVERYBODY MISERABLE WITH A FACE LIKE THAT!
I CAN'T HELP IT, SIR! IT'S THE TERRORS – THEY'D MAKE ANYONE GLUM!
SORRY, HOPPIT! I CAN'T TAKE THAT AS AN EXCUSE! YOU'D BETTER CHEER UP BEFORE I SEE YOU AGAIN!
SO...
FORCED SMILE!
COO! LOOK AT HOPPIT! HE MUST BE ADVERTISING SOME TOOTHPASTE!
OR MOUTH ORGANS!
GLOWER!
USE PERLO TOOTH POWDER AND KEEP YOUR TEETH SPARKLING!
TOOTH POWDER
GRR!
GRR! HOP IT! CAN'T YOU LEAVE A GUY ALONE?
YERK!
WHUMP!
AND YOU CAN TAKE THIS TIN WITH YOU! I DON'T WANT IT!
?
WHOOOF!
CLUNK!
COO! THAT WASN'T VERY CLEVER, HOPPIT! YOU'VE DONE IT NOW!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
ITCH!
ITCH!
OOOH! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA! OOH!
I CAN'T STAND THE TICKLING! HO! HO! HO!
SCRATCH!
SCRATCH!
MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE TOLD HOPPIT THAT I KEPT MY ITCHING POWDER IN THAT TIN!
HO-HO-HO! HA! HA! HA! OH-HEE-HEE-HEE!
REALLY, HOPPIT! I TOLD YOU TO CHEER UP – BUT THIS IS CARRYING IT TOO FAR!
STAND UP AND STOP THAT SILLY GIGGLING!
MMF! HEE! HEE! -GNNNF! -YESSIR! HEE! HEE! HEE! GNNN!
POOR OLD HOPPIT! THE LAUGH'S ON HIM! HA! HA!
IN WE GO, GANG!

BUZBY
BUZBY
BUZBY, THIS IS BELINDA BIRDBRAIN! HOW ABOUT COMING TO A MEETING OF OUR GENIUS'S SOCIETY THIS EVENING?
ER... NO THANKS!
THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, BUZBY, IS YOU DON'T USE YOUR BRAIN! WHEN DID YOU LAST HAVE A DEEP CONVERSATION?
GENIUS SOCIETY
I... ER... WELL...
BRAIN POWER
SHE'S RIGHT YOU KNOW! I'M WASTING MY MENTAL POWERS!
HELLO, LULU! IT'S A NICE EVENING - HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME TAKING A WALK?
OKAY!
JUST LOOK AT THE STARS SHINING FROM THE HEAVENS!
YOU WHAT?
DON'T THEY MAKE YOU WONDER AT THE VASTNESS OF SPACE?
NO!
SURELY YOU FEEL AMAZED THAT OUR SUN IS JUST ONE AMONG MILLIONS OF SUNS?
NOT REALLY!
MEVIN
WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT, LULU?
ROCK MUSIC AND BUBBLE GUM!
COR! WHAT A THICK BIRD!
YA!
CRUNCH!
THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, BUZBY! FANCY NOT SEEING THESE ROADWORKS!
THERE WERE NO LIGHTS! HOW WAS I TO KNOW!
THIS MUST BE WHAT THEY CALL A DEEP CONVERSATION!

© Post Office Telecommunications 1978/1981

POPEYE
SPINACH
WHY SO GLUM, BRUTUS?
I'M THINKING OF GIVING UP FIGHTING!
BUT YOU ENJOY FIGHTING!
FIGHTING IS OKAY, BUT I SPEND A LOT OF TIME ON MY BACK!
LIFE ISN'T WORTH LIVING IF I CAN'T LICK ONE OF POPEYE'S FAMILY!
PAPPY IS THE ONLY ONE LEFT THAT I HAVEN'T TRIED.
THERE HE IS NOW... HE SHOULD BE A PUSHOVER.
AHOY, POOPDECK PAPPY, YOU WHISKERY OLD GOAT!
YOU'LL DO INSTEAD OF POPEYE...
BUT...
?
POW!
GROAN! HE HITS AS HARD AS POPEYE!
MEVIN
POPEYE! YOU SHOULDN'T GO OUT WITHOUT SHAVING, YOU LOOK JUST LIKE PAPPY!
!

© 1981 King Features Syndicate Inc.

12